DRAGON AGE™ ORIGINS

This is not the witch we seek. It couldn't be.

A witch now, or a witch in a year's time... What does it matter?

Come, Ser Thiall. And be quick.

Is this the sacred task of our order, then? Cutting down wilderfolk?

No doubt the priests would be impressed with your piety. But know this: we are His sword. And wherever our blades fall, The Maker's work is done.

I cannot believe this.

We burn out apostasy. Abominations. Malefica. Everything else - everything - is empty words. An echo.

Hold your tongue. There may be time for you to hold forth on holy scripture when we return to Lothering.

Is that so? I am beginning to doubt there will ever be a good time. And, indeed, my doubts do not end there.

The Blessed Mother at Lothering would be, no doubt, fascinated to hear that...

SCHINK

You wish to test the edge of my conviction? Do you fear the righteousness of our duty? Here, brother. We will cut this fear from you.

Nnnn... hulgh....

hgh...

hgg...

You have found your "Witch of the Wild," O Templars.

I wonder.. What will you do with her now?

You may speak, and speak, but we shall not hear you. Men! Armor yourself with Faith!

Your "maker" made me, did he not?

Perhaps he knows something you don't.

Perhaps there are things he himself does not know.

Maker's Breath!

AHHHHH

My blade! My blade is not my own! It...

Sleep now, Friend. Commend me to Him.

Stand aside, witch.
I am the Maker's will in this cursed place.

So you have said.

'Tis a wonder he has not appeared before us, given how freely you invoke Him.

But this is no Chantry, and I am no meek Circle Mage to be ordered about.

You have trespassed here, but all is not lost.

This wood will make use of you.

My black brian, my maid of thorns!

I have pleased you, then. 'Tis a wonder! I shall mark the day.

Aha! Even her tongue has a barb.

Am I not your daughter?

Never more so than now.

You are a perfect creature, and perfect for my purpose.

I do wonder, though, when we will stop hosting such guests.